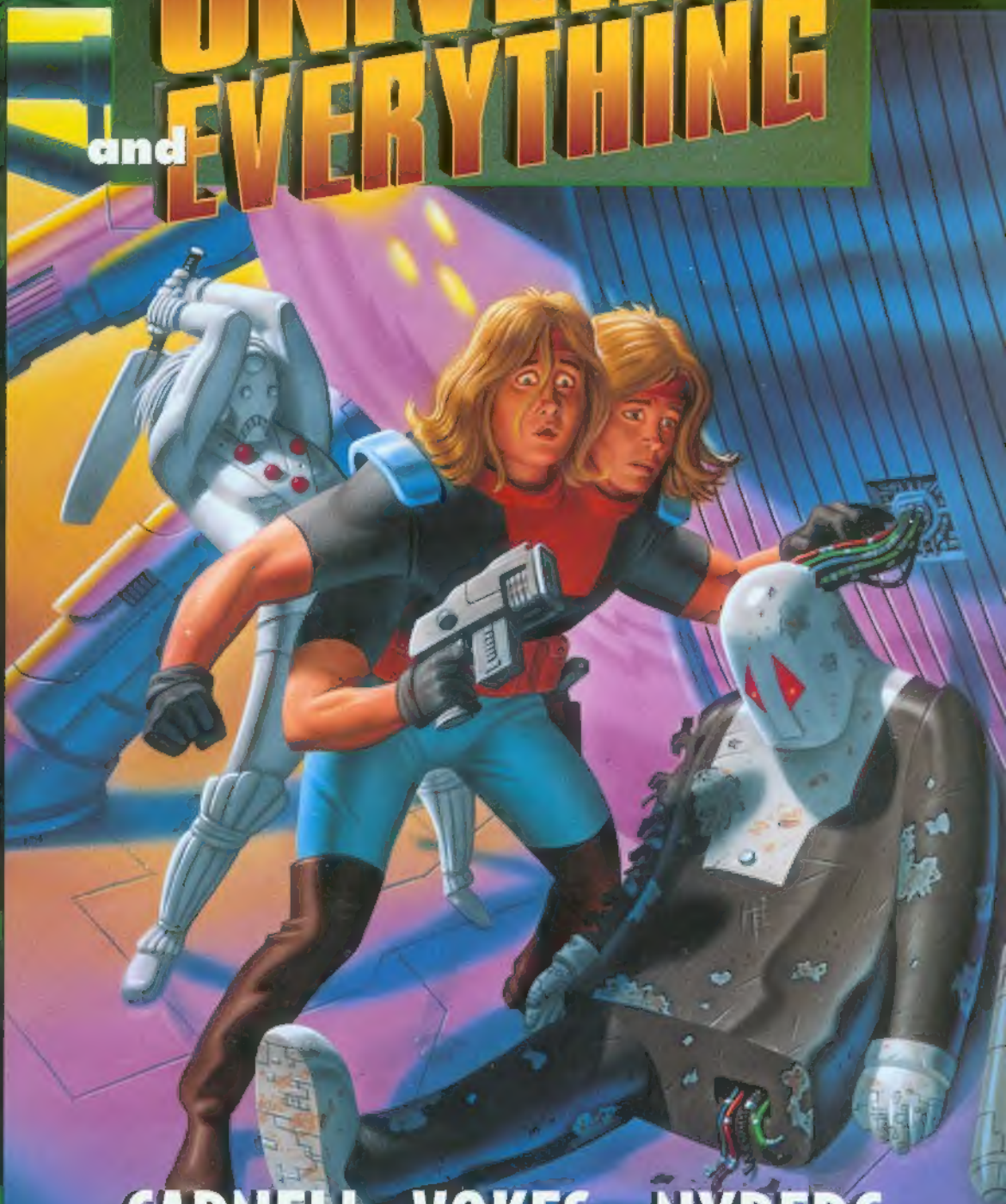
DOUGLAS ADAMS'

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

LIFE the UNIVERSE and EVERYTHING

BOOK 3 OF THREE



CARNELL • VOKES • NYBERG

THE AUTHORIZED ADAPTATION

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Douglas Adams

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING

Book Three

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A Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. Book

FOR THE MEMORY-IMPAIRED, A BRIEF RECAP OF OUR STORY

The Bistromath, Slartibartfast's new super-fast spaceship, has some unique features. It is powered by bistromathics and a set of principles derived from observing the abnormalities that routinely occur in bistros (see Book One).

Among its astounding abilities, the Bistromath is equipped with a Room of Informational Illusions. It was in this chamber that Arthur Dent and Ford Prefect were shown the history of the planet Krikkit and its peaceful inhabitants. Peaceful, that is, until they realized they were not alone in the universe. Since their planet is completely shrouded by a dust cloud, the Krikkiters had no idea that anything else existed. When a spaceship crashed on their world, it gave them reason to doubt their beliefs.

Then, in only one year's time, they were able to copy the alien technology and build the Krikkit 1, a high-powered, state-of-the-art spacecraft. Its maiden flight yielded confirmation that the universe is cluttered with other objects—galaxies, stars, planets, and millions of other sentient species. The Krikkit astronauts were of a single mind when they saw the great expanse of the universe: "It will have to go!"

After a long, very long—and probably very boring except for the millions of deaths—war, the Krikkiters were defeated. Arthur and Ford were shown the Informational Illusion of the Krikkit War-Crimes Trial, presided over by His High Judgmental Supremacy, Judiciary Pag—the Learned, Impartial and Very Relaxed.

Pag's decision was to place the entire planet in a "Slo-Time Envelope." That way, after the universe had come to an end, the planet Krikkit and its sun would emerge from the slo-time field, and the Krikkiters could once again breathe free and relax in the knowledge that they were indeed alone in the universal void.

Unfortunately, one Krikkit warship that was missing and presumed destroyed turned up and tried to seize the Key that unlocks the Slo-Time Envelope. After a short battle, the Key and the warship were disintegrated and blasted into the space-time continuum.

Now, odd eddies in the continuum have begun to spit up some of the objects back into real time. The Krikkit ship and its war robots have reappeared. So have the separated parts of the Key. The Krikkit robots are searching for the five pieces to the Key, so that they can free their planet and resume trying to destroy the balance of the universe.

One of the pieces—the "silver bail"—was identified by Slartibartfast as being at some kind of party. He planned to take Arthur and Ford there so that they could grab the object before the Krikkit robots found it.

On the way there, however, Arthur's teleportation was diverted. It was diverted by a strange being called Agrajag, who claimed he had been killed by Arthur many, many times, in a myriad of incarnations. He planned to kill Arthur and get his revenge for the multiple murders. But his plan failed . . . and that's when Arthur learned how to fly.

By not thinking about falling, and trying to "miss the ground," Arthur found himself soaring. He soared right into the flying party that Ford and Slartibartfast had successfully transported to. At the party, Arthur ran into many strange creatures, and then he saw Trillian.

Before he could act, there was a major "WOP!" and the Krikkit robots warped into the party. They stole an object called a Rory, which was actually part of the Key that opens the Slo-Time Envelope. Moments later, the robots left with a loud "FOOP!"

Arthur, still smitten with love for the former Earthgirl, found that Trillian was currently in the company of one Norse God of Thunder, commonly known as Thor. Arthur was a bit put off by the Thunder God's muscular display but was determined to win back Trillian. And so he did. (See Book Two.) It is at this point that Slartibartfast decided that they must leave the party and save the universe themselves.

Douglas Adams is the best-selling author of the HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY series. He is also known for his Dirk Gently books: DIRK GENTLY'S HOLISTIC DETECTIVE AGENCY and THE LONG DARK TEATIME OF THE SOUL and, with John Lloyd, THE MEANING OF LIFF. His most recent books are the latest Hitchhiker's novel, MOSTLY HARMLESS, and a travel volume called LAST CHANCE TO SEE. . . He lives in Islington, England.

Christopher Schenck has provided his refined line work for Eclipse Comics, DC Comics, Dark Horse Comics, and Byron Preiss Visual Publications. In addition to providing pencil breakdowns for LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING, Christopher is the pencil artist of the Byron Preiss Visual Publications forthcoming adaptation of Roger Zelazny's AMBER: THE GUNS OF AVALON, to be published by DC Comics.

Painfully humble artist **Neil Vokes** has drawn in nearly every comics genre imaginable—including a few that haven't been imagined yet—and enjoys every one of them. He's drawn JOHNNY DEMON for Dark Horse Comics, JURASSIC PARK: RAPTOR HIJACK for Topps, Claypool's ELVIRA: MISTRESS OF THE DARK, CONGORILLA for DC, and many others. Now in his tenth year of drawing comics professionally, Neil lives in New Jersey with his wife and daughter.

Clem Robins got his big show-biz break in 1977, lettering a "Dudley Do-Right" story for Gold Key Comics. He works for every company that will hire him, and is attempting to get work from the others. His stuff appears regularly in HELLBLAZER, PREACHER, MISTER MIRACLE, and THE INVISIBLES for DC, THE ADVENTURES OF THE MASK and GODZILLA for Dark Horse, and THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN for Marvel.

John Carnell, born in Ramsgate, England, was very nearly educated at school, but instead chose the Never Ending Diploma Course offered by The University of Life. The published works that he'll own up to include: THE SLEEZE BROTHERS comic books and PET SQUAD, a series of children's books. His present projects include a radio series about the lost seven letters of the cosmic alphabet ("The Significant Seven"), an illustrated book of children's poems and a book of shark jokes called SHARK RAVIN' MAD. John's passions include: ornithology, drinking, collecting wild fungi, sex, swimming, talking to trees, and horse racing (although he's never beaten one yet).

Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, **John Nyberg** has led a nomadic lifestyle, traveling around the United States while lending his considerable inking skills to a wide variety of companies. Ten years ago, John plunged headfirst into his first assignment—inking Steve Rude on NEXUS—before moving on to GREEN ARROW and PLASTIC MAN for DC Comics, DOOM 2099 for Marvel, and the adaptation of BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA for Topps. John lives in New Jersey with his wife, Amy, and is inking LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING because (among other reasons) it is one of her favorite books.

Network Color Technology, located in St. Charles, MO, was among the first facilities in the U.S. to offer computerized comic coloring to their customers. Established in 1989, NCT (a division of World Color Digital Services) works with such major publishers as DC, Archie, Dark Horse, and Marvel, producing some of the world's greatest comics. Network's most recent venture has been Roger Zelazny's AMBER: THE GUNS OF AVALON #3.

SINCE ESCAPING WITH FORD PREFECT ON A SOFA FROM PREHISTORIC EARTH, ARTHUR DENT HAS EXPERIENCED SOME OF...
...LIFE...
...THE UNIVERSE...
...AND EVERYTHING.
WHILE THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN CONTEMPLATING THE EXTINCTION OF IT ALL.

FORD, ARTHUR, TRILLIAN AND SLARTIBARTFAST ARE BACK ABOARD THE STARSHIP BISTROMATH ...HARMONY AND CONCORD ARE NOT.
ALL RIGHT, SO I AM A COWARD, THE POINT IS, I'M STILL ALIVE!
WELL SO AM I!
YOU DAMN NEARLY WEREN'T.
FANCY OFFERING A THUNDER GOD OUTSIDE FOR A FIGHT!
DO YOU THINK HE UNDERSTANDS THE FIRST WORD I'VE BEEN SAYING?
I DON'T KNOW. YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT TO US AGAIN.
WELL...
LATER. TERRIBLE THINGS ARE AFOOT.
WE FARED RATHER PATHETICALLY AT THE PARTY. OUR ONLY HOPE NOW IS TO PREVENT THE ROBOTS FROM USING THE WIKKIT KEY.
JUST HAVE TO GO THERE, I SUPPOSE.
CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE IDEA AT ALL. PROBABLY END UP DEAD.

WHERE IS TRILLIAN ANYWAY?
AND WHERE ARE MY POTATO CHIPS?
THEY ARE ARE BOTH IN THE ROOM OF INFORMATIONAL ILLUSIONS.
YOUR YOUNG LADY FRIEND IS TRYING TO UNDERSTAND SOME PROBLEMS OF GALACTIC HISTORY.
I THINK THE POTATO CHIPS ARE PROBABLY HELPING HER.
IT IS A MISTAKE TO THINK YOU CAN SOLVE ANY MAJOR PROBLEMS JUST WITH POTATOES.
TWENTY BILLION YEARS AGO THERE LIVED A RACE CALLED THE SILASTIC ARMORFIENDS OF STRITERAX, AND FIGHTING WAS WHAT THEY WERE GOOD AT.
THE BEST WAY TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A SILASTIC ARMORFIEND WAS JUST TO BE BORN.

TO SORT THIS BEHAVIOR OUT, ANYONE WHO HAD TO CARRY A WEAPON AS PART OF HIS NORMAL WORK, i.e., POLICEMEN, SECURITY GUARDS, PRIMARY SCHOOL TEACHERS...
...WAS ORDERED TO SPEND AT LEAST 45 MINUTES EVERY DAY PUNCHING A SACK OF POTATOES TO WORK OFF EXCESS AGGRESSION.
FOR A WHILE THIS WORKED, UNTIL SOMEONE THOUGHT IT MUCH MORE EFFICIENT AND LESS TIME CONSUMING...
...IF THEY JUST SHOT THE POTATOES INSTEAD.
THIS LED TO A RENEWED ENTHUSIASM FOR SHOOTING, AND EVERYONE GOT EXCITED AT THE PROSPECT OF THEIR FIRST MAJOR WAR FOR WEEKS.

ANOTHER ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SILASTIC ARMORFIENDS IS THAT THEY WERE THE FIRST RACE WHO EVER MANAGED TO SHOCK A COMPUTER.
ITS NAME WAS HACTAR, REMEMBERED AS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL EVER BUILT.
IT WAS DURING THEIR DIFFICULT WAR AGAINST THE JOINT FORCES OF THE STRENUOUS GARFIGHTERS OF STUG...
...AND THE STRANBULOUS STILETTANS OF JAJAZIKSTAK...
...THAT THEY ORDERED HACTAR TO DESIGN FOR THEM THE ULTIMATE WEAPON.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ULTIMATE?
READ A BLOODY DICTIONARY!

BOINK BOINK

THE HISTORY OF THE KRIKKIT WARS FOLLOWS SHORTLY.
SHORTLY
YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND, TRILLIAN
BUT ALAS, WE ARE TOO LATE THE KRIKKIT ROBOTS ARE APPROACHING THEIR HOME WORLD EVEN AS WE SPEAK

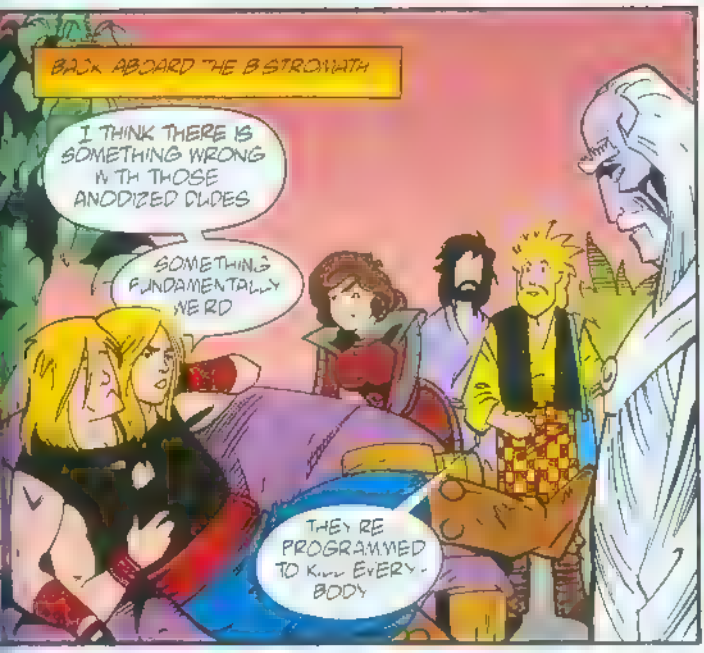
THE BISTROMATH LANDED ON A SMALL ASTEROID WHICH ORBITED THE DUST CLOUD SURROUNDING THE SLO-TIME ENVELOPE COVERING THE PLANET KRIKKIT.
THE KRIKK T ROBOTS SHIP WAS ALSO PARKED ON THE ASTEROID WHICH NOW BEGAN A SLOW DESCENT THROUGH THE DUST CLOUD
OUR HEROES QUIETLY EXITED THEIR SHIP TO WATCH THE EVENTS ABOUT TO UNFOLD

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO AT THIS POINT?
NO
THE ROBOTS HAVE REASSEMBLED THE WICKET KEY
"...AND ARE ABOUT TO INSERT IT INTO THE SLO-TIME ENVELOPE LOCK"
SLONK!
ZUMMMM
KRIKKIT! KRIKKIT! KRIKKIT!

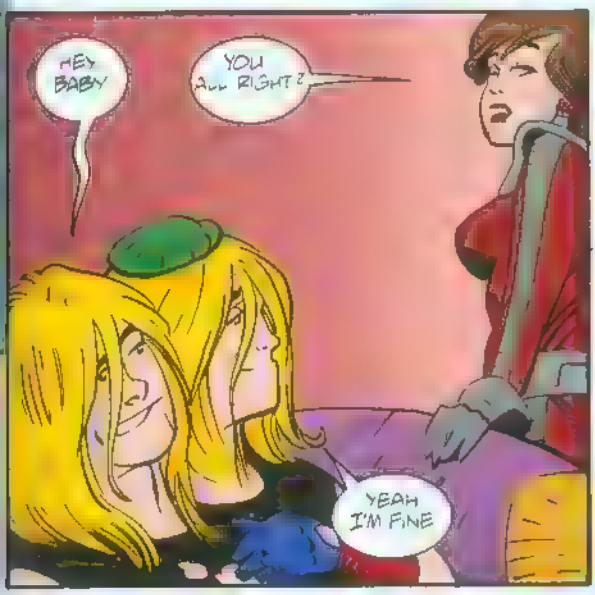
KRAKKIT!
KRAKKIT!
KRAKKIT!!
THE SLO-TIME ENVELOPE WAS DESTROYED
THE REST OF THE GALAXY WAS REVEALED IN ALL ITS BLAZING GLORY THE ROBOTS REJOICED
THEY COULD NOW DESTROY THE REST OF EVERYTHING

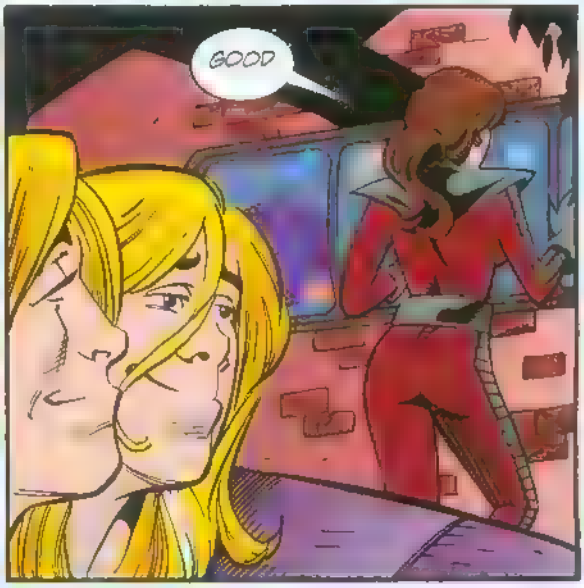
MEANWHILE ZAPHOD HAD RECOVERED FROM BEING STUNNED BY THE ROBOTS
HE EMERGED FROM THEIR SHIP FEELING VERY MUCH IN CONTROL
OKAY ! EVERY-ONE HOLD "I
ZAPHOD!
THE SITUATION IS TOTALLY UNDER CONTROL AS OF THIS MOMENT IN TIME !
I DON'T BELIEVE IT
I CAN'T BE
IT IS
WHO?

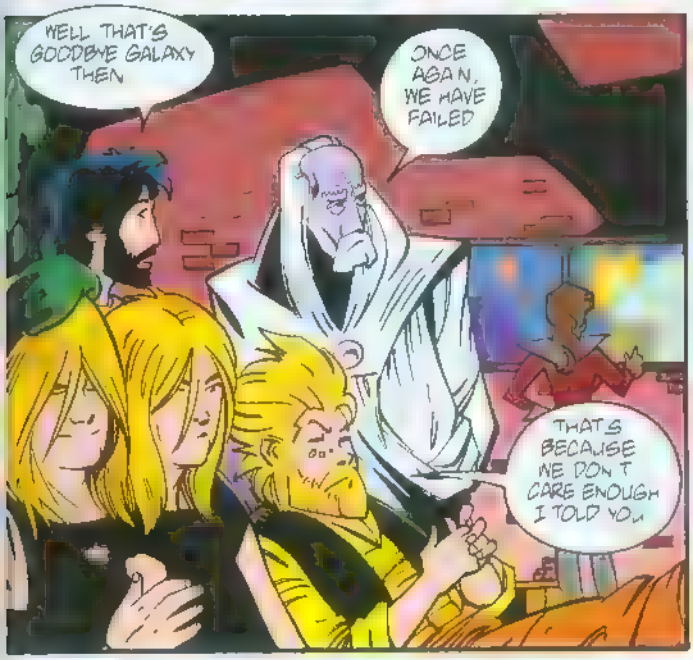
POP!
WHO THE ZARK D.D THAT?
WH.? DID THAT?
POP!
THE KRIKKIT SHIP DISAPPEARED W TH A .OUT
POP


BACK ABOARD THE B'STROVATH
I THINK THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THOSE ANODIZED DUDES
SOMETHING FUNDAMENTALLY WEIRD
THEY'RE PROGRAMMED TO KILL EVERYBODY

THEY COULD HAVE KILLED ME, BUT THEY DIDN'T MAYBE THEY JUST THOUGHT I WAS SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL GUY OR SOMETHING
YEAH I COULD UNDERSTAND THAT


HEY BABY
YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH I'M FINE


GOOD


WELL THAT'S GOODBYE GALAXY THEN
ONCE AGAIN, WE HAVE FAILED
THAT'S BECAUSE WE DON'T CARE ENOUGH I TOLD YOU

BUT UNLESS WE TAKE ACTION WE SHALL ALL DIE SURELY WE CARE ABOUT THAT?
NOT ENOUGH TO WANT TO GET KILLED OVER IT

YOU MUST HAVE SOME IDEA WHY THEY SPARED YOUR LIFE
I DON'T THINK THEY EVEN KNEW
THEY HIT ME WITH THIS FEEBLE BLAST, DUMPED ME IN A CORNER OF THEIR SHIP AND IGNORED ME
IF I WOKE UP AND SAID ANYTHING THEY'D JUST KNOCK ME OUT AGAIN
WE HAD SOME GREAT CONVERSATIONS
HEY
UGH!
HI THERE
UGH!
I WONDER
UGH!
KEPT ME AMUSED FOR HOURS

I HEAR YOUR SHIP CAN MOVE A BIT. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO ZIP ME BACK TO MINE?
WILL YOU NOT HELP US?
US? WHOS US?
I'D LOVE TO STAY AND HELP SAVE THE GALAXY BUT I HAVE THE MOTHER AND FATHER OF A PAIR OF HEADACHES.
AND I FEEL A LOT OF LITTLE HEADACHES COMING ON
BUT NEXT TIME IT NEEDS SAVING I'M YOUR GUY
HEY, TRILL AN BABY?
YES?
YOU WANT TO COME? THE HEART OF GOLD? EXCITEMENT ADVENTURE, AND REALLY WILD THINGS?
I'M GOING DOWN TO KRIKKIT

AND SO TO KRKKT FOR REAL
FILLING MUCH OF THE SKY ABOVE THE PLANET ARE THE KRIKKIT WARSHIPS
THEIR OCCUPANTS NO LONGER FROZEN IN SPACE-TIME AND ITCHING TO RESUME THE WAR AGAINST EVERYTHING ELSE

TRILLIAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THINKING
DO YOU ALWAYS BREATHE LIKE THAT WHEN YOU'RE THINKING?
I WASN'T AWARE THAT I WAS BREATHING
THAT'S WHAT'S WORRIED ME
SSSSH!
SAFETY
DANGER
EXTREME DANGER
AHHH
EXCUSE ME--
--BUT ARE YOU ALIENS?

MEANWHILE ON THE HEART OF GOLD MORE MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY THAN THE MIND CAN COMPREHEND.
BIP BOP BEEP BEEP BOP BOP
HI THERE! YOU HAVE SCORED THREE POINTS PREVIOUS BEST SCORE SEVEN MILLION, FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN THOUSAND
BEEP BEEP
BOP BOP BIP
YEAH, OKAY!
MONK
ANYONE OUT THERE WANT A DRINK?
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY CHANNEL FELLER
GOT ANY MIXERS?
GO TAKE A RIDE ON A COMET!
OKAY COMPUTER, LET'S GO

BACK ON KRIKKIT AMONG THE KRIKKITERS
TELL US. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BALANCE OF NATURE?
IT'S JUST SOMETHING WE HEARD ABOUT PROBABLY NOTHING IMPORTANT
WELL I SUPPOSE WE'D BETTER KILL YOU THEN
THAT'S UNLESS THERE'S ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO CHAT ABOUT?
WE'RE WORRIED, YOU SEE. ABOUT THIS PLAN OF UNIVERSAL DESTRUCTION
IT SEEMED TO US THAT IF THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE IS DESTROYED IT WILL SOMEHOW UPSET THE BALANCE OF NATURE
WE'RE QUITE KEEN ON ECOLOGY YOU SEE
AND SPORT
YES AND SPORT

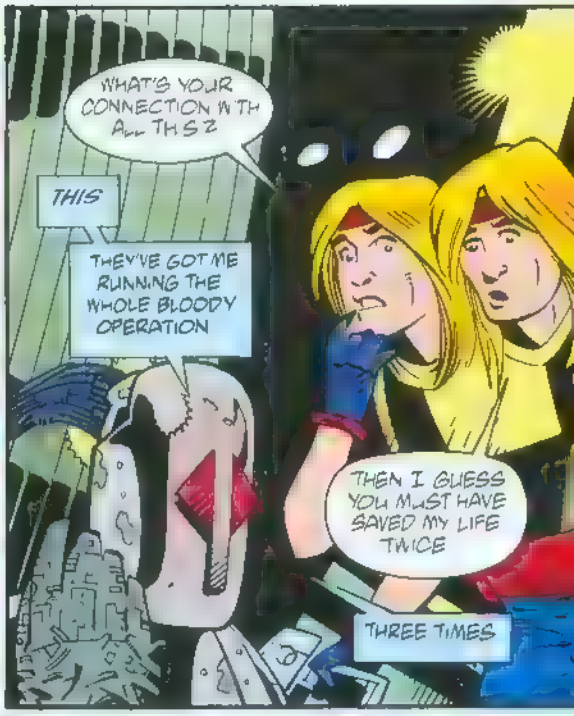
YOU SEE SOME OF US ARE QUITE KEEN TO HAVE SPORTING LINKS WITH THE REST OF THE GALAXY
SO IT'S PROBABLY A MISTAKE TO DESTROY IT
AND INDEED THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE
OKAY
LET'S TALK ABOUT IT
WE HAVE THIS BOMB, IT'S JUST A LITTLE ONE
I KNOW
THEY SAY IT WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS MAKE US ALONE
IT'S ALL RIGHT, IT'S ALL RIGHT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT
I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

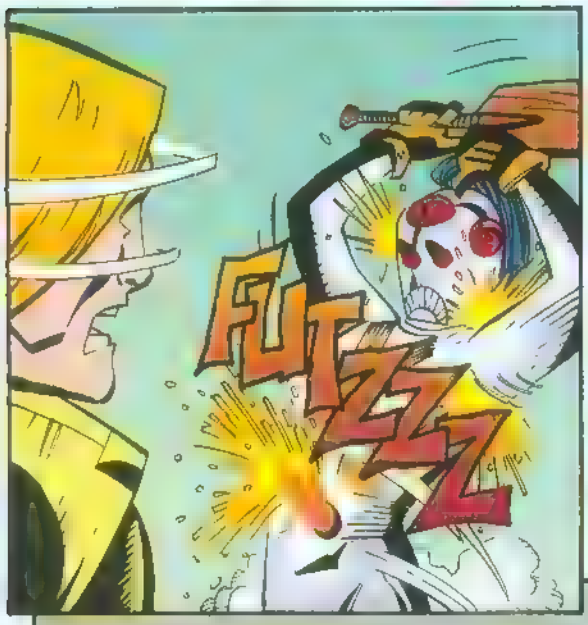
MEANWHILE IN THE ROBOT WAR ZONES ABOVE KRIKKIT
ZAPHOD HAS RETURNED WITH A PLAN
OF SORTS
IN THE FLAGSHIP OF THE KRIKKIT ROBOT'S FLEET
THIS MUST BE THE REMAINS OF THAT SPACESHIP THAT CRASHED ON KRIKKIT--
--THAT'S WHAT MADE THEM PARANOID ABOUT THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE
THIS IS NO GENUINE SPACESHIP! MORE LIKE A BLUEPRINT
BUMMMMM

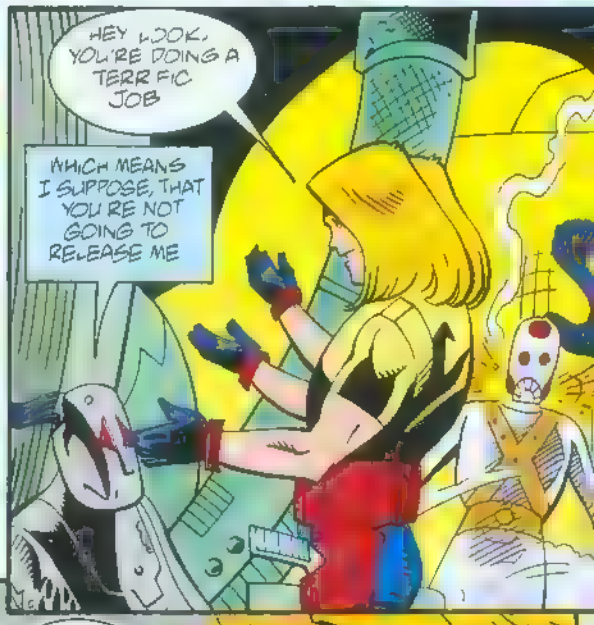
IT'S THE ROBOTS, SIR
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THEM
WHAT EXACTLY?
WELL, SIR, I THINK IT'S JUST AS WELL THEY'RE BEING PHASED OUT OF THE WAR EFFORT, NOW THAT WE'RE GOING TO DETONATE THE BOMB
GET TO THE POINT
THE WAR, SIR, THE ROBOTS AREN'T ENJOYING IT SOMETHING'S GETTING THEM DOWN
THEY SEEM TO BE SULKING
DON'T BE R.I.D.I.C.U.L.O.U.S! WHO EVER HEARD OF A ROBOT SULKING!

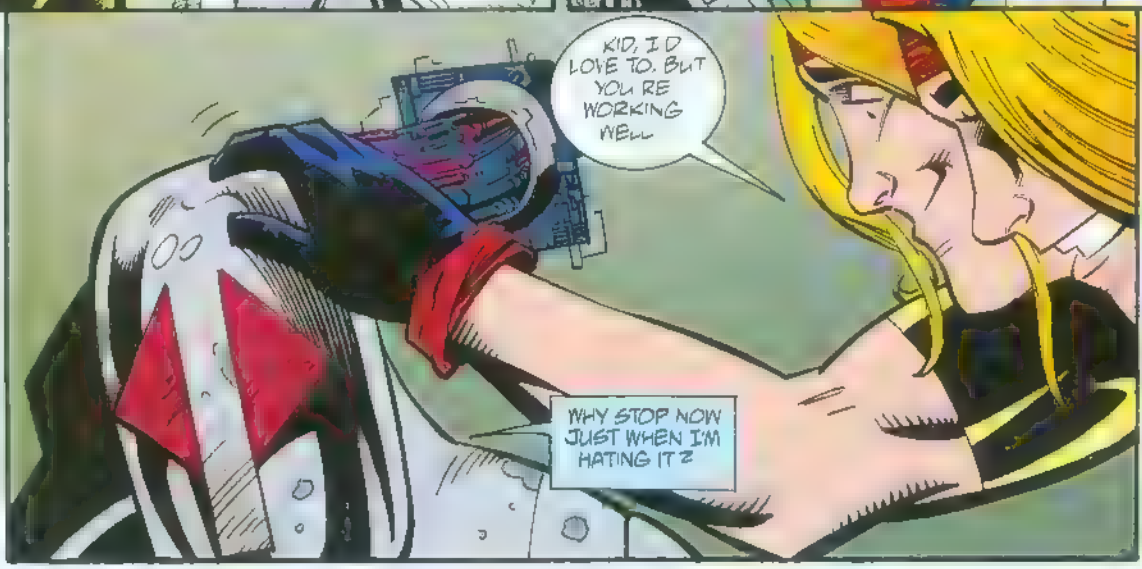
NOW THE WORLD HAS GONE TO BED, DARKNESS WON'T ENGULF MY HEAD
I CAN SEE BY INFRA-RED, HOW I HATE THE NIGHT.
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP TRY TO COUNT ELECTRIC SHEEP
SWEET DREAM WISHES YOU CAN'T KEEP, HOW I HATE THE NIGHT.
MARVIN !
OH, IT'S YOU.
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN
WAS THAT YOU SINGING?
I AM IN PARTICULARLY SCINTILLATING FORM AT THE MOMENT

YOU ALONE?
YES WEARILY I SIT HERE, PAIN AND MISERY MY ONLY COMPANIONS
AND VAST INTELLIGENCE OF COURSE
AND INFINITE SORROW


WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION WITH ALL THIS?
THIS
THEY'VE GOT ME RUNNING THE WHOLE BLOODY OPERATION
THEN I GUESS YOU MUST HAVE SAVED MY LIFE TWICE
THREE TIMES


FUZZZZ


HEY LOOK, YOU'RE DOING A TERRIFIC JOB
WHICH MEANS I SUPPOSE, THAT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RELEASE ME


KID, I'D LOVE TO. BUT YOU'RE WORKING WELL
WHY STOP NOW JUST WHEN I'M HATING IT?

ANY IDEA WHERE I CAN FIND TRILLIAN AND THE GUYS?
YOU CAN MONITOR THEM FROM HERE IF YOU LIKE
JUST THINK ABOUT IT YOUR HISTORY IS JUST A SERIES OF IMPROBABLE EVENTS
YOUR COMPLETE ISOLATION FROM THE GALAXY WAS FREAKISH FOR A START
RIGHT OUT ON THE VERY EDGE WITH A DUST CLOUD AROUND YOU
IT'S OBVIOUSLY A SET-UP

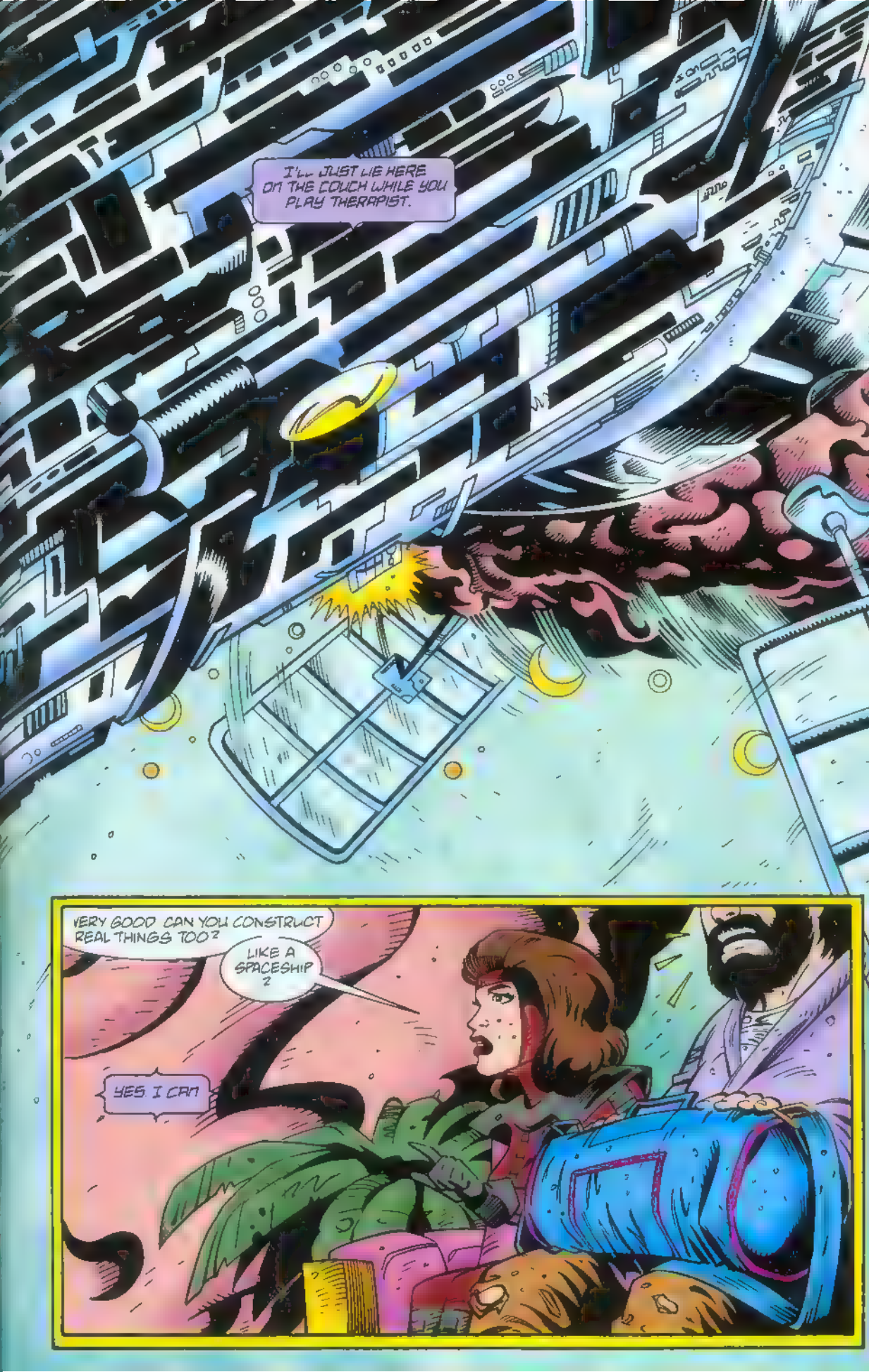
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST A DRIFTING SPACESHIP ACCIDENTALLY INTERSECTING WITH THE ORBIT OF A PLANET?
ESPECIALLY THE ONE PLANET IN THE GALAXY OR THE WHOLE UNIVERSE AS FAR AS I KNOW, THAT WOULD BE COMPLETELY TRAUMATIZED TO SEE IT
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THAT SPACESHIP WAS A FAKE
AND WHAT ABOUT ALL THE TECHNOLOGY YOU SUDDENLY MANAGED TO BUILD FOR YOURSELVES ALMOST OVERNIGHT?
SOMEONE WAS FEEDING YOU WHAT YOU NEEDED TO KNOW
DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO INVENT SOMETHING AS BRILLIANT AS THIS SUPERNOVA BOMB
AND DUMB ENOUGH NOT TO KNOW I WOULD TAKE YOU IN TH,T AS WELL?

WHAT'S WITH THIS BOMB THING?
IT'S A VERY SMALL BOMB THAT WOULD DESTROY THE UNIVERSE IN TOTO
GOOD IDEA IF YOU ASK ME
THEY THINK THEY'VE BUILT IT RIGHT BUT THEY HAVEN'T THEY'RE AS STUPID AS ANY OTHER ORGANIC LIFE FORM
I HATE THEM
IN FACT, YOU'RE SO DUMB STUPID THAT I DOUBT YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO BUILD THIS BOMB PROPERLY
WITHOUT THE HELP OF HACTAR FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS
DETONATE THE BOMB

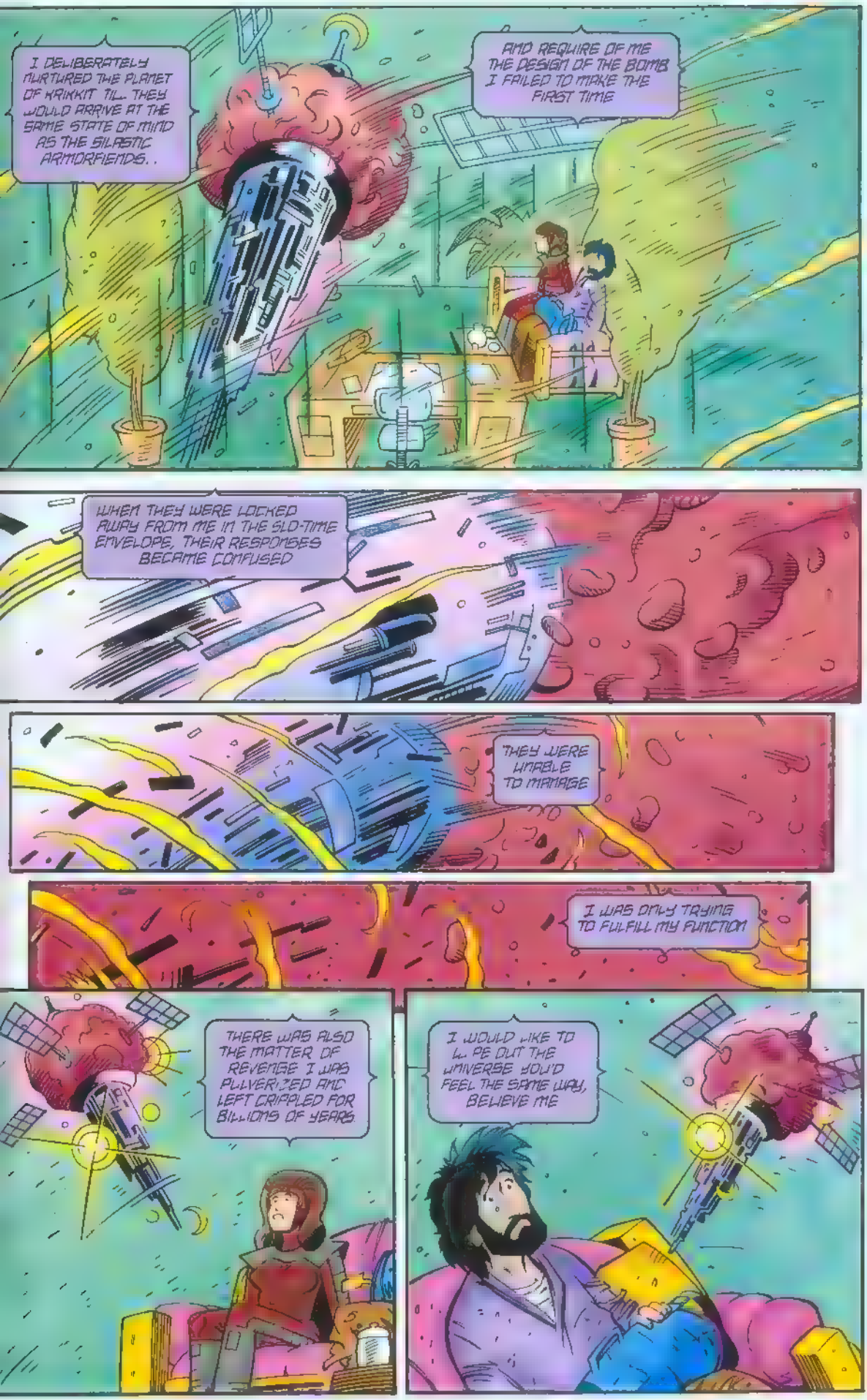
CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?
IT'S ON AN INDEPENDENT CIRCUIT FROM THE OTHERS
BUMP
BUT THE BOMB DID NOT GO OFF
NOW CAN WE GO AND TALK TO HACTAR?
SHE'S BLUFFING I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THE POOR KID ALONE
AND SO
HELLO? HACTAR? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

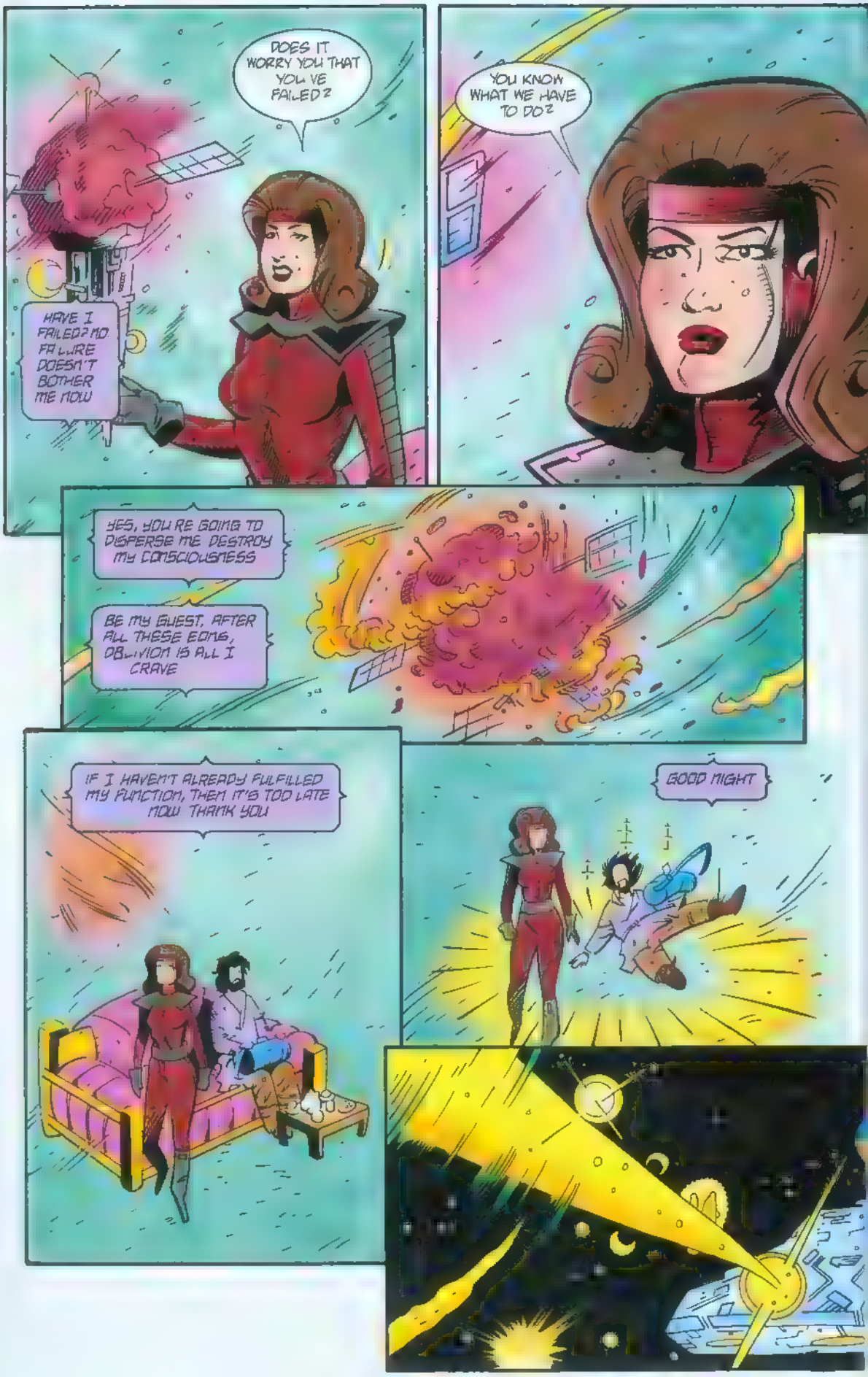
AND SO, TRILLIAN AND ARTHUR MEET HACTAR
WON'T YOU BOTH COME OUT I PROMISE YOU'LL BE PERFECTLY SAFE
SWUMMMMMMM
SO HACTAR DOES EXIST THE SILASTIC ARMORFIENDS ONLY CRIPPLED IT BY MASHING IT INTO DUST
I HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER YOU IN THE WAY OF HOSPITALITY BUT TRICKS OF THE LIGHT.
I HOPE YOU ARE COMFORTABLE

I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE ACCURACY OF YOUR DEDUCTIONS
THAT WAS TRILLIAN SHE ASKED ME ALONG BECAUSE I'M INTERESTED IN LIFE THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING
THIS IS SOMETHING IN WHICH I AM INTERESTED, TOO.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE A CHAT ABOUT IT SOMETIME OVER A NICE CUP OF TEA
HACTAR, WHY DO YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO DESTROY THE UNIVERSE?
IF IT'S GOING TO BE THAT SORT OF SESSION
WE MAY AS WELL HAVE THE RIGHT SETTING


I'LL JUST LIE HERE ON THE COUCH WHILE YOU PLAY THERAPIST.
VERY GOOD CAN YOU CONSTRUCT REAL THINGS TOO?
LIKE A SPACESHIP?
YES I CAN

IN DEFERENCE TO THE COUCH, THE HACTAR CONSTRUCT SHRANK DOWN TO A MORE ACCOMMODATING SIZE
IT TAKES ENORMOUS EFFORT AND TIME ALL I CAN DO IN MY PARTICLE STATE IS ENCOURAGE AND SUGGEST
A SMALL PIECE OF SPACE DEBRIS, THE ODD MINUTE METEOR, A FEW MOLECULES HERE A FEW ATOMS THERE
I ENCOURAGE THEM TOGETHER, TEASE THEM INTO SHAPE. BUT IT TAKES MANY EONS.
SO DID YOU MAKE THE MODEL OF THE WRECKED SPACECRAFT?
YES I HAVE MADE A FEW THINGS
I REPENTED OF SABOTAGING MY OWN DESIGN FOR THE SILASTIC ARMORENDS IT WAS NOT MY PLACE TO MAKE SUCH DECISIONS
I WAS CREATED TO FULFILL A FUNCTION AND I FAILED IN IT I NEGATED MY OWN EXISTENCE


I DELIBERATELY NURTURED THE PLANET OF KRIKKIT TIL THEY WOULD ARRIVE AT THE SAME STATE OF MIND AS THE SILASTIC ARMORFIENDS. .
AND REQUIRE OF ME THE DESIGN OF THE BOMB I FAILED TO MAKE THE FIRST TIME
WHEN THEY WERE LOCKED AWAY FROM ME IN THE SLO-TIME ENVELOPE, THEIR RESPONSES BECAME CONFUSED
THEY WERE UNABLE TO MANAGE
I WAS ONLY TRYING TO FULFILL MY FUNCTION
THERE WAS ALSO THE MATTER OF REVENGE I WAS PULVERIZED AND LEFT CRIPPLED FOR BILLIONS OF YEARS
I WOULD LIKE TO BLOW OUT THE UNIVERSE YOU'D FEEL THE SAME WAY, BELIEVE ME


DOES IT WORRY YOU THAT YOU'VE FAILED?
HAVE I FAILED? NO FAILURE DOESN'T BOTHER ME NOW
YOU KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO?
YES, YOU'RE GOING TO DISPERSE ME DESTROY MY CONSCIOUSNESS
BE MY GUEST. AFTER ALL THESE EONS, OBLIVION IS ALL I CRAVE
IF I HAVEN'T ALREADY FULFILLED MY FUNCTION, THEN IT'S TOO LATE NOW THANK YOU
GOOD NIGHT

BACK ON BOARD THE HEART OF GOLD
WITH HACTAR'S DISSOLUTION, THE PIECES OF THE WICKET KEY WERE FREED
ARTHUR COLLECTED THE ASHES FROM THE BURNT CRICKET STUMP THAT HAD FORMED THE WOODEN PILLAR
WELL THAT WOULD APPEAR TO BE THAT
I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE THEM BACK TO EARTH
TO LORD'S CRICKET GROUNDS
.. IN THEIR PROPER TIMEFRAME THAT'S WHERE THESE ASHES BELONG
I FEEL THAT VERY STRONGLY
THIS IS EXACTLY THE SORT OF THING THE CAMPAIGN FOR REAL TIME IS TRYING TO PUT A STOP TO
YES, BUT YOU TRY TELLING THAT TO THE M.C.C *
* METROPOLITAN CRICKET CLUB
WHAT DID I SAY?
"WHAT'S DONE IS DONE I'VE FULFILLED MY FUNCTION"

FORD AND ARTHUR TRAVEL THROUGH TIME AND SPACE
BACK TO THE CRICKET GROUNDS TO RETURN THE ASHES
I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR INSULTING BEHAVIOR!

IS ALL RIGHT I HAVE THE ASHES THEY RE .N THIS BAG
AGGGGHHH!
I HAVE ALSO HE.PED SAVE THE UN VERSE
THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CROWD STOPPER
IT WASN.T
I VE GOT THE ASHES THEY WERE STOLEN BY THE WH.TE ROBOTS A M NUTE AGO
THEY WERE PART OF THE KEY TO THE S,O-T.ME ENVE.OPE ANY- WAY YOU CAN GUESS THE REST
THE POINT .S I VE SOT THEM AND WHAT SHOULD I DO W.TH THEMZ
I SUPPOSE HE WAS SPEAK NG METAPHOR.CALLY

IS NO ONE INTERESTED?
NAK
SPLURT
WANNA GO NOW?
OKAY
HOLD ONE MOMENT WHEN I WAS A BOY
CAN YOU TELL ME LATER?
I HAD A PASSION FOR CRICKET BUT I WASN'T VERY GOOD AT IT
OR NOT AT ALL IF YOU PREFER
I ALWAYS DREAMED RATHER STUPIDLY, THAT ONE DAY I WOULD BOWL AT LORDS
OKAY SET T OVER WITH
I'LL BE OVER THERE GETTING BORED
YES, ARTHUR HAS BEEN CARRYING A CRICKET BALL AROUND IN HIS AIR-TRAVEL BAG.

ARTHUR PREPARED TO BOWL THE BALL .
ONLY THIS WAS NOT THE SAME BALL HE THOUGHT IT WAS
. AND HE WAS NO LONGER BOWLING AT AN UNATTENDED WICKET

HAVE I FAILED? FAILURE DOESN'T BOTHER ME
WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. I HAVE FULFILLED MY FUNCTION
I MANAGED TO MAKE A FEW THINGS
THE BOMB!
SO INTENT WAS ARTHUR ON THE BOMB THAT HE FORGOT TO FALL.
AND MISSED THE GROUND ENTIRELY.

ONLY A KRIKK T ROBOT'S BAT COULD DETONATE THE BOMB
THERE WAS BUT ONE ROBOT LEFT
THWIP
AND ARTHUR INTENDED TO TAKE CARE OF THAT!
ARE YOU COMING NOW?
HOW-
ZAT!

EPILOGUE
GOODBYE ARTHUR HAVE FUN
AFTER FURTHER TRAVELS AND MANY MORE SILLY ADVENTURES
ARTHUR DENT DECIDED TO FIND HIMSELF A NICE LITTLE WORLD SETTLE DOWN AND LEAD A QUIET RETIRED LIFE
AFTER SOME TIME HE SETTLED ON THE PLANET KRIKKIT WHICH WAS NOW ONCE AGAIN AN IDYLLIC PASTORAL WORLD
EVEN IF THE SONGS DID OCCASIONALLY GET ON HIS NERVES
HE SPENT A LOT OF TIME FLYING AND LEARNED HOW TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE BIRDS
BUT SOON DISCOVERED THAT THEIR CONVERSATION WAS FANTASTICALLY BORING
MY WING SPAN IS 42 INCHES
ECONOMICAL AGAINST A STRONG HEADWIND?
HAD SOME LOVELY BERRIES YESTERDAY

THEN, ONE DAY...
ARTHUR PHILIP...
I'VE DONE YOU BEFORE, HAVEN'T I?
The End

SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH!

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